

Furnishing the Home

THERE is the usual flock of new Spring bungalows this season, and the usual bevy of brides and grooms to occupy them. No brides, no bungalows. That's the way it runs.

Usually after paying for the bungalow, the question of furniture becomes acute. A bungalow isn't much use without furniture. Furniture is as necessary as the mortgage.

If these young couples will follow the advice of the how-to-be-happy-through-married experts their problem will dissolve in thin air.

A very nifty umbrella stand can be made out of one length of stovepipe placed on a wooden base one foot square. The stovepipe can be prettily gilded and blue cupids painted on it. The stand will hold seven umbrellas, no matter how you got them.

An old red-striped shirt makes a very satisfactory curtain for a small window. The shoulders of the shirt can be tacked to the top of the window-frame and the tail can be split and draped back on each side and tied with bows of pretty yellow ribbon.

A fine easy chair can be made out of an old barrel. Stand the barrel on end and saw out a front section, half way up, leaving the rear section to serve as a back. Nail in a seat and cover the whole with checked gingham or muslin. Nail a bow of white ribbon to the back of the chair. No other ornamentation is necessary. This chair will probably last forever, as nobody will ever sit in it.

It is easy to make a serviceable fireless cooker out of a soap box and a dime's worth of hinges and other hardware. Inside the box place a large tin can and pack hay and asbestos between the can and the side of the box. It will cook food as well as any high-priced cooker, which may or may not be saying very much.

There is little use figuring on dining-room furniture at the present prices of food. About all that is necessary is a sideboard from which you can serve a cafeteria lunch.

In some neighborhoods populated with jam hounds and people who own motorcycles it is not necessary to have a bed. You never have a chance to sleep in one. Very satisfactory hammocks can be made out of old fish-nets, which can be obtained very cheaply at the water front.

From Here and There

His Inspiration

"DARLING, will you marry me?" "This is so sudden! Why, you old confirmed bachelor, when did you ever get the idea that you ought to get married?" "I decided it yesterday." "But what decided you?" "I won a side-saddle in a raffle."

Probably Was

"IT'S hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites." "Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

The Cynic

"IT says here that surgeons have discovered that orange blossoms may be used as an anesthetic," said Mrs. Henplok. "I always did believe that I was unconscious when we were married," remarked Mr. Henplok.

Her Spring Bonnet

IT was late in the evening. Suddenly the doorbell rang, and the doctor, whose ear was well trained, awoke. Someone needed his services, he concluded, as he walked softly down the stairs and opened the door.

"Miss Caroline Tompkins?" said the late caller. Miss Tompkins was the doctor's cook.

"She has retired," said the doctor. "This is for her," said the man, handing the doctor a package from which peeped flowers and buds and leaves. The man departed and the doctor closed the door.

"One of cook's admirers," he said to himself, "has brought her a bouquet."

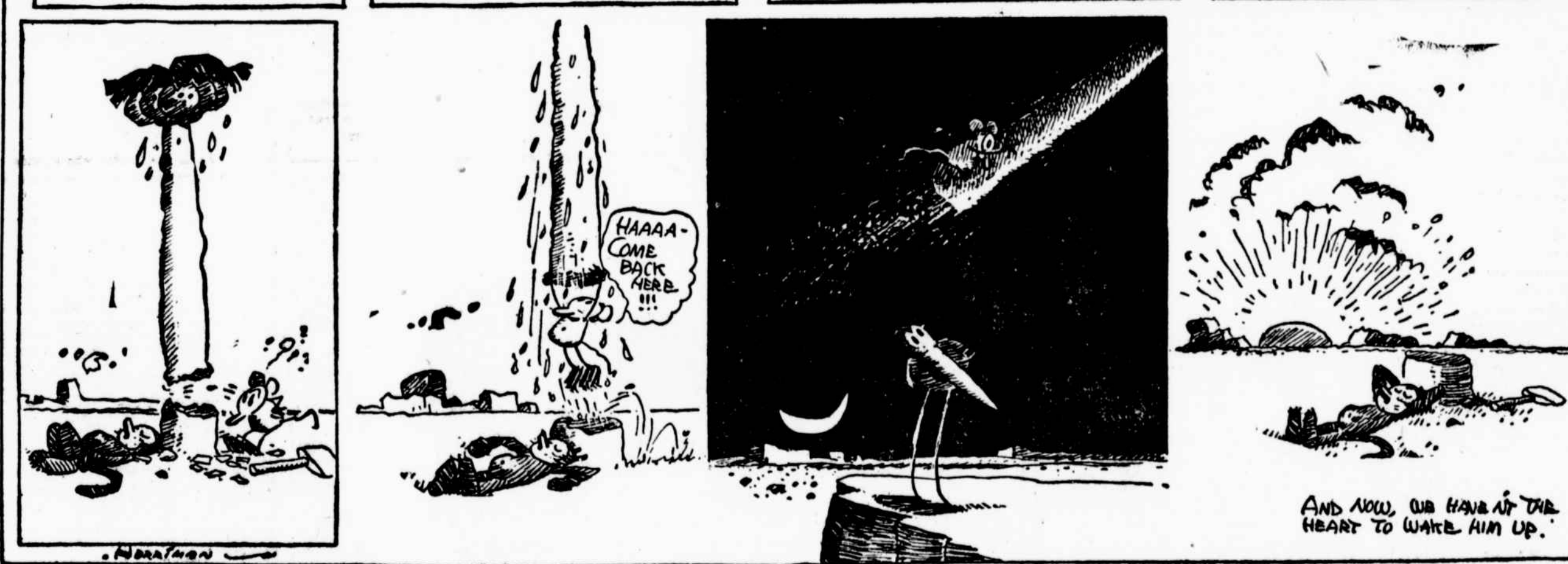
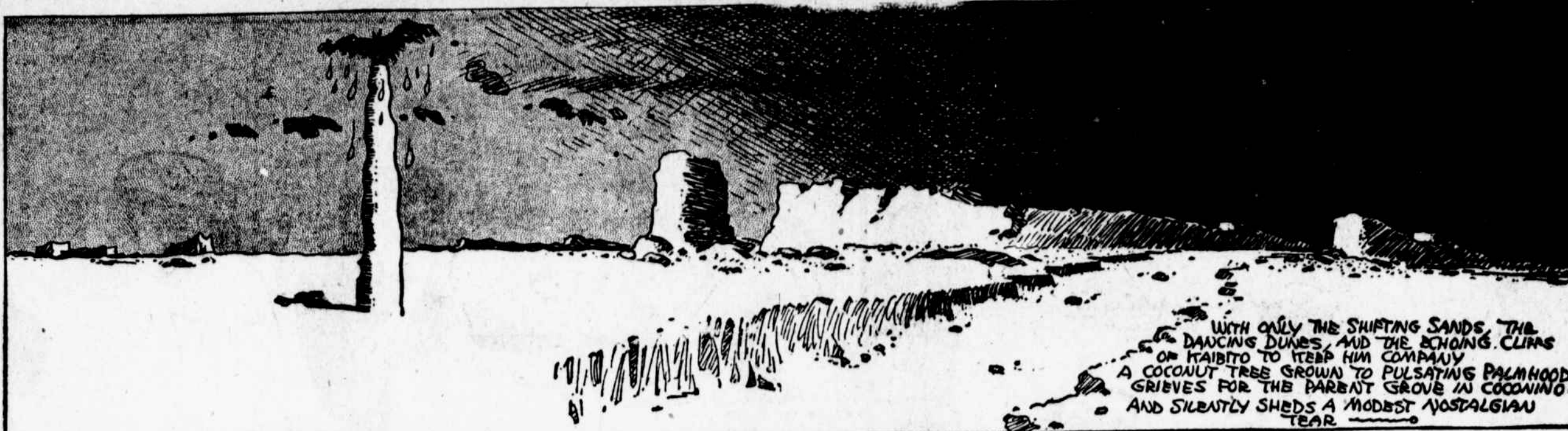
He walked into the kitchen and placed the package in a dish of water. An indignant cook stood before him the next morning.

"I wish to give notice," she announced. "I'll not stay another day in a house where some varmint puts my new hat in a basin of water."

Krazy Kat

Copyright, 1928, by International Feature Service Inc.

By Herriman



The Great Bucket Shop Mystery

SHERWOOD JONES, attired in his long, green bathrobe, which in his Bohemian way he was using as a dressing gown, leaned against the mantel in the drawing room or study of his apartment in the Audubon section of Riverside, Harlem-on-Hudson, Cathedral Parkway, Manhattan, idly jabbing a hypodermic needle into his wrist and taking enough morphine at every jab to kill a bootlegger.

"It is a queer case, Watkins," said the great man addressing me. "The one upon which I am about to be called," he replied. "How do I know I am about to be called in the Great Wall Street Bucket Shop Mystery?" That is simple. But if I told you how I divined such things you would be as great as I. Ah! I hear a man approaching silently and with great secrecy on roller skates. It must be he, or I might say him."

"Whom do you mean by him?" I inquired very politely.

"Never mind. He is here. Would you mind stepping into that suitcase over there in the corner? You can hear and see everything."

A man entered—a rough-looking man with violet spots, an orchid in his buttonhole and a platinum wrist watch.

"You are Sherwood Jones, the famous detectakuff," he said.

"Your powers of deduction are enormous," said Jones. "May I ask how you arrived at that important conclusion so quickly?"

"Certainly. Your name and number is in the city directory and the telephone book. Your name is on your door. I enter and find you jabbing a needle into your arm and you are attired in a long robe. Also you look like all the pictures I have ever seen of you."

"And you, in turn, you are sent to solicit my services in finding out about the Great Bucket Shop Mystery."

"Right, but how did you know you were to be summoned?"

"Ah, if I told you that the secret of my marvellous power would no longer be my own. I don't mind telling you, however, it was very simple in your case. I knew at once you came to summon me to this case for the reason that there is about a yard of ticker tape on your shoulder which you, in your hurry, apparently forgot to brush off. The smallest clue, such as this, is sufficient for me."

"Remarkable," gasped the caller, hurriedly removing the tell-tale ticker tape.

"Furthermore," continued Jones, "I noticed a large quantity of chalk dust on your vest and you still have a piece of chalk behind your ear. These slight clues, which would probably not be noticed by the average investigator, stamped you at once as a person who has been monkeying with blackboards. Combining that with the ticker tape, I knew you were connected with a brokerage concern. Your

bucket shop then has busted."

"It is not my bucket shop. The creditors sent me here—I might say those who have been skinned, how did you know the bucket shop had busted?"

"That is all they ever do," replied Jones, calmly filling his hypodermic syringe from a large jar of drugs on the mantel. "Bust is all bucket shops ever do. You never hear of a bucket shop until it busts. If the bucket shop had not busted you would not be here. Hence I knew bucket shop had busted."

"Miraculous," whispered the caller in an awed manner, "but—will you come?"

"I shall be at the offices at once," said Jones, dismissing the caller.

"Watkins," he added, releasing me from the suitcase, "shall you come with me? I think I can promise you an interesting time."

I was delighted. In twenty minutes we were in the brokerage offices surrounded by an excited com-

mittee of the victims of the bucketeer.

"Do you think you will find out what the mystery of this bucket shop is, Mr. Jones?" asked one of them anxiously.

"Certainly," said Jones, as he carefully disguised himself as a bloodhound and went sniffing around in the waste-baskets for clues. Suddenly he sprang up, tore off his disguise and then disguised himself as a chimney-sweep with lightning-like rapidity and gazed up the fireplace. He was very much excited and one could almost see the massive brain throbbing within his head like a very young chicken that is trying to pick itself out of a shell.

Finding nothing up the chimney which interested him, he quickly switched his disguise to that of a burglar and went rapidly around the room, peering under desk blotters, taking samples of ink, testing typewriters, tasting the chalk used on the blackboards and finally:

"Gentlemen," he announced with-out a moment's warning and gazing from one to another searching-ly, "I am through."

"Then you have discovered the mystery of the bucket shop?"

"I have. You may depend upon it."

"What is the mystery?"

"The Great Bucket Shop Mystery is now what it always has been. The mystery is how, after years of warning, so many dupes, dumbbells, oil cans and plain dumbbells dump so much money into the things. That is the only mystery. Gentlemen, I wish you good night. Watkins, old fellow, your arm."

"But why," I asked, when we were well on our way homeward, "why did you look up the chimney?"

"I looked to see if there were any more poor deluded suckers up there trying to drop money into the bucket shop after it had busted," he said.

By Doyle Cone

Ten More Answered—

IT is a different thing to keep all the questions propounded by Mr. Edison answered, but we are doing our best. The latest list was promulgated by the wizard for the good ladies of Jersey to answer. The one answering them correctly was to be given a free trip to Baltimore, although the reason why anybody should work hard for a trip to Baltimore is not explained.

Doubtless a great many ladies tried to answer these questions. Perhaps some failed. For their benefit we will answer the ten questions. The first paragraph in each instance is Mr. Edison's question, the line below is our answer. We guarantee them to be correct in every case.

1. Give your definition of politics.
Politics is the bunk.
2. What is the fundamental principle of the Constitution of the United States supposed to be?
It is SUPPOSED to be freedom.
3. How many judges are in the Supreme Court?
About half of them.
4. What is meant by the system of checks and balances?
If you write enough checks you will have no balance.
5. Write one sentence on the city manager plan.
"It is very foolish."
6. What are the duties and powers of a county committeeman.
Strenuous, if he is a Democrat committeeman in a Republican district.
7. What was the chief force that brought about the Eighteenth Amendment?
Dough.
8. What are the chief advantages and disadvantages of the party system?
Read the history of the United States since the Civil War. This will give all the disadvantages. Nobody has discovered the advantages but the crooked politicians.
9. Give reasons why women should not serve on juries.
The number of reasons depends upon the number of children she has.
10. What do you consider women's greatest contribution to the political life of to-day?
Young voters.

Wit of the Week

Horrid Man!

"ONCE, when a famous artist was at a dinner party a gushing woman said to him: 'I saw your latest picture, and kissed it because it was so like you.' 'And did it kiss you in return?' 'Why, no.' 'Then,' said the artist, 'it was not like me.'"

Badly Expressed

"DOCTOR, I'm sorry to bring you away out to the suburbs." "Don't mention it. You see, I have another patient out this way, consequently I can kill two birds with one stone."

Then the Peer Paid

A Peer who has the reputation of being stingy in money matters hired a taxi on a wet afternoon to take him to Victoria Station, where he handed the cabman less than the legal fare. The driver demanded another sixpence, but was met with a prompt and firm refusal.

"You came the longest way in order to extort money," declared the man of title. "Why didn't you drive through St. James's Park?" "Cos St. James's Park is closed," said the driver. "That's why."

"Nonsense! I know better," objected his lordship sternly. "It's a lurdish stery," persisted the driver. "They say Lord —" (naming the Peer who confronted him) "dropped a shilling in the park yesterday, and the gates are closed until they find it!"

She Found a Way

A BRILLIANT actress and a brilliant author met at a supper party. The author talked and talked. At last the actress felt she had done her share of listening.

"Humph!" she said, suddenly, adding confidently to the whole table, "That's a word in edgeways!"

The table roared.

A Bishop Surprised

"NEVER knew till I got a car," said Bishop Eighty, "that profanity was so extremely prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Why," said the bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."